

MERRY CHRISTMAS - HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL OF YOU FROM ALL OF US

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Irving
Berlin's

White
Christmas

Decca - Lp8083

Merry
Christmas

Decca - Lp8128

A Christmas
Sing With Bing

Around the
World

Decca - Lp8419

Ken Darby Singers
John Scott Trotter Orchestra

This Year 1962 The 20th.
Anniversary of
White Christmas - Our
Congratulations to Bing
and Irving Berlin

Silent Night - Adeste Fideles
God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen
Faith of Our Fathers
I'll Be Home For Christmas
Jingle Bells
Santa Claus Is Coming To Town
Silver Bells

It's Beginning To Look A Lot Like
Christmas
Christmas In Killarney
Mele Kalikimaka
That Christmas Feeling
The Christmas Song
You're All I Want for Christmas
Here Comes Santa Claus
I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day

That
Christmas
Feeling

Decca - Lp8781

A Christmas
Story

An Ax, An Apple
And a Buckskin
Jacket
Golden Record
A298:21

I Wish You A
Merry Christmas

Warner Brothers
W1484

A CLUB CROSBY PRESENTATION

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 Douglas Black - Southern Australian Disk-Jockey

Membership dues: \$1.25 plus 3 - 8¢ stamps
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A Yellow Label, and an X on the label, means your membership expires
 with this issue of Bingang.

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Here we are once again with a new journal, and once again news is very scarce, but I hope I have managed to put together an interesting issue. "Thank you", once again to those of you who acknowledged their last issue, and glad to hear you enjoyed it. A "Thank you", also to those of you who have rejoined us, and do hope you will continue to enjoy your stay with us, for a while.

We have a letter from Bing on Page 3, though it's short, it's nice to hear from him. Along with this letter came two snaps, the ones on page 14 and 20. The snap of Bing and Kathryn on Page 7, was taken on their wedding day, October 24, 1957.

As you all know, Bing appeared on Bob Hope's first television show of the season on October 24th, and the snap on page 29 is from this show. It came from the October 21st. issue of the New York Daily News. His own first show will be on Christmas Eve along with Mary Martin, and he'll also appear with her on a future date on N.B.C.

According to what we read Bing will go to Europe in mid-March to film, "Devil's Advocate", for Warner Brothers.

We have three new albums out by Bing, "Holiday in Europe", "Bing Crosby on the Happy Side" and "I Wish You a Merry Christmas", and it is certainly wonderful. We will have more releases to look forward to, in the future.

I thought you'd be interested in reading, "The Crosby", which is about Bing's annual Golf Tournament. This gives you the idea of how it is put on, and all the work that it involves, and the many people in the background, as well as in the spotlight. It starts on page 23.

I want to thank our New Zealand/Australian members for their kind patience with me, sometimes it's kinda impossible to answer everyone, but I do appreciate hearing from you. I also want to thank Thelma (Hardie) for all her help.

Due to the rise in postage starting in January, the dues will go up to \$1.25, plus three eight-cent stamps instead of, three six-cent stamps.

I know you will be glad to see Mary Maloney's column once again in "Bingang", I want to thank her for writing it, helping to put together this issue. I do hope more of you will help by contributing material, it would help a lot. I had a job putting this one together; with Bing taking these days easy, material was hard to find. So, I am looking for help, from all of you.

Well, this is about all for this time. I do want to wish you and your families, a very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Bing-cerely,

Benny

And now want to welcome our new members, and hoping you will all enjoy a long and happy stay with us.

UNITED STATES

Kathleen Spillman - 8332 W. Capitol Drive - Milwaukee 22, Wisconsin
Robin Stagman - 918 Winona Avenue - Chicago 40, Illinois

CANADA

Della-Jane Zelanko - 48, Brookdale Avenue - St. Catharines, Ontario
Canada

NEW ZEALAND

Lucy Munro - P.O. Box 604 - Christchurch, New Zealand

NOTES FROM RENA.....Cont'd.

Laurine Clark - Patetonga, R.M.D. 3 - Morrinsville - North Island,
New Zealand
Doris Winchcombe - 246, Hastings Street - Napier - North Island,
New Zealand
Mrs. E.R. Rattray - 74, Oxford Street - Ashburton - Canterbury,
New Zealand
Mrs. L.C. Marsden - 42, Matheson's Road - Linwood - Christchurch, E. 1
New Zealand

AUSTRALIA

John A. Purches - 14, Hargrave Street - Semaphore, South Australia
Douglas Black - 25, Egmont Terrace - Lower Mitcham - South Australia
Graham Reade - 3, Kelvin Street - Nailsworth, South Australia
Donald Madge - 61, Constance Street - Westbourne Park - Adelaide,
South Australia
Stan Gibson - 147, Iodide Street - Broken Hill, N.S.W., Australia
Elaine Bromley - 39, Roe Street - Mayfield, N.S.W., Australia
Margaret Dix - 15, Jenkins Street - Ararat - Victoria, Australia
Mrs. Joan Hallgarten - 6, Park Street - Pascoe Vale, W. 8 - Victoria
Australia
A.G. Kelso - 28, Summit Avenue - Oak Park W. 6 - Victoria, Australia

Bing Crosby
~~Hollywood~~

October 18, 1962

Miss Rena Albanesi, President
Club Crosby
128 Kimball Terrace
Yonkers, New York

Dear Rena:

Not much to say except "I wish you a Merry Christmas," which is the title of our new album.

I returned from Europe, watched the world series on our office television, and am off for a bit of hunting.

Sincerely,


Bing Crosby

LC:vs

Note: I think the album is the best yet, with great choral work and orchestrations.

The enclosed snaps were taken at the new home in Baja, Mexico.

Regards,



BBC Garages Song by Crosby

London, July 25 (UPI)-The British Broadcasting Corp., which bans all advertising, turned thumbs down today on a Bing Crosby recording because it plugged an automobile.

The recording was the old favorite, "In My Merry Oldsmobile." A BBC spokesman said they had nothing against Crosby but added "next you would have the Rolls-Royce Concerto or the Mini Minor Waltz."
(New York Journal American) July 25, 1962

BIRTHDAY LIST

February 24

Brian Jones - 23, Plas Road - Fleur-De-Lis - Pengam, Mon., England

February 28

Mrs. Irene Johnson - 1310 Hazelwood Avenue - Akron 5, Ohio

March 17

Della-Jane Zelanko - 48, Brookdale Avenue - St. Catharines, Ontario
Canada

March 18

Barbara Waggener - 184 South Main Street - Winchester, Illinois

April 3

Mrs. Pearl Elliott - R.R. No. 3 - Lakefield, Ontario, Canada

Mrs. Lillian Potter - 37 Elvina Gardens - Toronto 12, Ontario, Canada

April 9

Shirley Naylor - 8 Buna Street - Orange, N.S.W., Australia

January 5

Lindsay Grosby - 9229 Sunset Blvd. - Los Angeles 69, California

* * * * *

NEW SNAPS AVAILABLE

10¢ Each

- 411. Bing and Andrew Sisters - "Road to Rio" - 1948
- 412. Bing, Nancy Olson, Dorothy Kirsten - "Mr. Music" - 1950
- 413. Mary Frances and Harry Jr. in Hawaii - 1962
- 414. Kathryn and Mary Frances at Idlewild airport - 1962
- 415. Five photos of Bing - in the 1930's
- 416. Bing and the Boswell Sisters - 1934
- 417. Bing in, "Rhythm on the Range" - 1936
- 418. Bing, Fred MacMurray, Donald O'Connor, Ellen Drew - "Sing You
Sinners" - 1938
- 419. Bing, Louise Campbell - "The Star Maker" - 1939
- 420. Bing alone with pipe in hand - 1941
- 421. Bing and Bob Hope - "Road to Zanzibar" - 1941
- 422. Bing, Carolyn Lee - "Birth of the Blues" - 1941
- 423. Bing alone on return trip from Europe - 1950
- 424. Bing alone in cowboy clothes - 1951
- 425. Bing at Elko - 1954
- 426. Bing at Elko with shotgun in hand - 1954
- 427. Kathryn alone - "Gunman's Walk" - 1958
- 428. Kathryn alone - "Gunman's Walk" - 1958
- 429. Kathryn alone - "The Big Circus" - 1959
- 430. Bing, Debbie Reynolds, "Say One for Me" - 1959
- 431. Bing as Father Conroy, "Say One for Me" - 1959

I have two available 8x10 photos,, they are 20¢ each if anyone wishes them. The number is PL452-1340.

* * * * *

JUST BITS OF INTEREST FROM HERE AND THERE

Bing Crosby will be returning to the Decca Records fold for his first new LP on the label in several years. This latest session has been produced by the crooner's Project Records and is strictly a one-shot deal with his former label.

The album is tagged "Holiday in Europe", featuring a variety of European-oriented tunes. Arrangements are by Bob Thompson. Although he hasn't had a new waxing on Decca for years, Crosby has been a constant Decca project. Several of his disks have been re-

JUST BITS OF INTEREST FROM HERE AND THERE.....Cont'd.

packaged and some of his material has been reassembled into a series called, "Bing's Hollywood", which contains many of his film performances.
(Variety) October 3, 1962

Bing Crosby has changed. In all his life, he has never had much to do with fashion shows but, following a showing of Jean Louis' clothes, which Mrs. Bing emceed, the Crosbys threw a buffet supper at their home where friends and buyers met to drink only champagne. All the Crosby boys' wives were present-one was in an all-fur outfit.
(Daily News) Hedda Hopper October 10, 1962

Bing Crosby to Rome in mid-March to start filming, "Devil's Advocate."
(Daily News) Ed Sullivan October 22, 1962

Bob Hope and Bing Crosby are going to make another "Road" picture together, "The Road to India".
(New York Post) Sydney Skolsky October 22, 1962

People don't discuss it out here, but the fact is that Sinatra sizzled for 6 months over Jayeffkay living at Repub Bing Crosby's shack, a few streets from Franks. Blamed it all on one of his best chums, songhit writer Jimmy Van Heusen, the only one in the Clan really close to the White House.
(Variety) Walter Winchell October 31, 1962

The Bing Crosby Enterprises has just bought a modern prison TV series from Guy Trosper, who adapted "Birdman of Alcatraz" for Burt Lancaster.
(New York Journal American) Louella Parsons November 8, 1962

Basil Grillo, pres. of Bing Crosby Productions says he's amazed and appalled at young actors who snub definite deals in TV series. Bing's firm wishes to produce, despite contracts that would make them millionaires. Seems the young ones prefer theatrical movies and think TV series might diminish their "image".
(New York Journal American) Jack O'Brian November 9, 1962

Bing Crosby throwing together a little rainy day pin money for his and Kathy's kiddies. He set up trusts of one million Yankee dollars per each of them.
(Movie Mirror) November, 1962

BING CROSBY

Bing can SING, and that's the THING,
That really makes him FAMOUS;
We buy his Records and his Shows,
Of course, no one can BLAME US.

The Guy is loaded down with LOOT,
But we all Know,
There was a Time,
He only had one SUIT.

You've done a good job, Bingo;
For Twenty Years, or MORE,
You've sung your way into our HEARTS,
That's a TERRIFIC SCORE.

Well members, here it is time for some news from the "Southern Cross Branch."

Thank you one and all for your nice letters and a big WELCOME to our new members. We do hope you will all enjoy being with us, also a word of thanks to those of you who have renewed your membership.

I would like to mention how much we do appreciate your co-operation during the change-over. Arranging to have our journals printed along with Rena's has involved extra work, but most of our members have rallied around and promptly sent their dues to Rena. We do appreciate this very much.

Those of you who have now received your copy of Rena's August, "Bingang" will agree it is a very interesting issue with four lovely snaps included.

AUSTRALIAN MEMBERS:- As your fees become due, would you please send a MONEY ORDER for one dollar 49 cents to Rena, and New Zealand members please continue to send your dues to me, as we are unable to send money direct to the U.S.A. so I have arranged to have this through Australia.

Many thanks to all of you who have contributed towards the "Christmas Gift Appeal." I am now looking forward to looking around the shops to find something suitable to send Kathryn and Bing on your behalf. This should not be a very difficult task, as there are some lovely gifts offering.

Recently the New Zealand Broadcasting-Television put on one of Bing's Television Shows. His guest stars were Edie Adams, Gary and Bob Hope. This was really a wonderful show and enjoyed by many viewers.

We are now eagerly awaiting the release of, "Road to Hong Kong", which will probably be here in the near future. "Road to Bali" and "The Bells of St. Mary's" have been back for return seasons. It was wonderful having the opportunity of seeing these grand films again.

Now for some news of our travellers: Early in the New Year Margaret Dix (Vict. Aust.) is planning an extensive tour of the U.S.A., with San Francisco and New York included in her itinerary, so maybe she will have the opportunity of meeting some of the American Club members while over there. Shirley Gadd (N.S.W. Aust.) who sometime ago did an extensive tour of the Continent, U.S.A. and Canada is now planning a tour of the East next year. We wish these members a very happy holiday.

CLUB BADGES: These are still available. Price 5/6 each.

Well members, in closing I would like to ask for your continued co-operation, and if any of you have activities you think would be of interest to our members, please send details along so that I can include them in my report.

As this is my last report for 1962, I would like to extend to you all best wishes for a very happy Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year.

Please acknowledge receipt of your Journal.

With best wishes,

"Bing"cerely,

Thelma

Two kinds of gratitude: the sudden kind
We feel for what we take, the larger kind
We feel for what we give.

E.A. Robinson



Bing

Kathryn

Line of work: Actor

But what you really rather do: The same thing. Should it fail to go well, I would like to write.

Mainspring: Because I became a singer, it would be my mother. When I was growing up she insisted on me singing whenever possible, even though at that time I saw nothing in it.

Most paradoxical quality: Don't think I have any.

Clinks in the Armor: I have no armor. It seems to me I am very simple, uncomplicated and quite transparent.

Boiling Point: Golf when it's going badly. Noisy picture theatres.

Personal Panacea: Back to golf, hopefully.

Persisting Superstitions: Ladders, hat on the bed. Friday the thirteenth, though I don't think any of them have any genuine influence.

The terrible temptation: The groaning board.

Unfounded fears: Can't think of any.

(Esquire)

April, 1962

He who knows himself best
esteems himself least.

The following article was sent me last year by: Robert Roberts - London House - Sarraatt - Nr. Rickmansworth - Herts, England. It was sent last year, too late for the Christmas issue, but I'm sure it will still be enjoyed by one and all this year. It appeared in the Christmas issue of, "Co-Operative News", my thanks once again to him.

What do you want most for Christmas? Bing Crosby
"I wish you peace in your home and joy in your heart"

"I'm dreaming of a White Christmas"...That's an old dream of mine now. But one that has the same meaning, the same feeling it had when I first sang the song in a film called "Holiday Inn".

A dream. A white Christmas.

Nowadays, if I had my way, it would be a peaceful Christmas. Not just in the family sense, warmth and comfort around the fireside. But peace for everyone in the world.

Some little time ago, I was asked-just as we're all asked at this time of the year-what gift I'd particularly like for Christmas. This fellow, knowing I'm crazy about golf, said he wished he could give me a hole in one each time I played.

As a matter of fact, I've had my share of holes in one. Five of them, I reckon, over the years.

No, there's nothing material I want this Christmas, or any Christmas.

But a basic thing I want would be a prayer for understanding, that peoples of the world reach a level of understanding, appreciating others' problems and try to adjust. That way, we will have a better chance of obtaining peace, and that is certainly what we always look forward to at Christmastime.

Peace is a symbol of Christmas, I guess.

People usually laugh when they hear my record of "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas."

"What chance has he got of snow in sunny California?" they ask. Well, I make sure each year that my true Christmas wish is always realised-that I spend the week with my family. At least, I always try to arrange things so that I have a week free, away from the film studio and television cameras. Sometimes, it doesn't work out quite the week. But always, we're together on Christmas Day.

I like to get away from Beverly Hills in Southern California, to our ranch in the north of the state. There is snow there and I like to ski. So far, my insurance company hasn't complained about that. But, I play safe-I stick to the nursery slopes.

It has always been part of the family tradition that a couple of days or so before Christmas Day, we make up a family party to look around our woods for a fine fir tree. We take out a horse-drawn sleigh, select a tree about twenty feet high and the strongest one in the family cuts it down. I always say my turn will come next year.

Christmas Day in my home, I suppose, would be just the same as Christmas Day in your's. Maybe it starts a little later and we don't go for food. Up at eleven for brunch, a breakfast and lunch combined of ham and grits, then the family goes to church.

Sure I Sing

Back to the tree and the always-exciting time for exchanging presents. It's about then that friends and relatives start calling by, to bring gifts and take them away. The house is like a bus station until well into the night. Turkey sandwiches are always available. With cranberry sauce.

People ask me if I sing at Christmastime, just for my own family. Sure I do.

When the cookies and hot toddy start circulating, and after the memories of the year have been mulled over, we always have a sing-song.

What do you want most for Christmas.....Cont'd.

I don't like singing solo, though. Not at home. We sing all the old favourites and the carols together.

When my boys were growing up we used to tour the neighbourhood each Christmas Eve singing carols at doors. That gave me a wonderful thrill to be able to share the joy people can find in the little things of life. It wasn't Bing Crosby singing to an audience. It was the guy next door, bearing sincere good wishes.

As the boys grew older, the custom faded out. But, maybe, we'll start again one day.

I am humble, and proud, in knowing that my record of "White Christmas" still has a message for people to-day. It has been bought for getting on for twenty Christmases; around thirteen million people have been good enough to buy it. Something I never expected when I first sang it, but I will always be grateful to be identified with such a great piece of music.

It Was Fine, But...

Many people, sending me and my folks greetings at Christmas, tell me what that simple tune, about simple desires, means to them. It has a lot of memories for me, too.

I'll never forget one experience involving the record. It came about when I was touring Army camps, singing and indulging in some back-chat with that other well-known singer, Mr. Robert Hope.

We reached a camp in Nevada, where it is pretty hot and dusty all year round. To mark my visit, the camp commander had suggested that for the month before I arrived, my records should be played over the camp radio.

Fine, but it turned out that the only record they had on the camp was-yes, you've guessed it, "White Christmas", which, in the middle of a hot Nevada summer, is as bad as offering salt to a thirsty man.

HOWEVER, ORDERS WERE ORDERS, AND EACH DAY, THOSE SWELTERING G.I.'S HEARD "WHITE CHRISTMAS".

After the concert, one of them approached me, gave me a snappy salute, and said: "Sir, please don't take this the wrong way, but would you mind if we used that particular record of yours as a target on the rifle range tomorrow? There'll be fifty dollars to the man who hits it first".

I knew just how he felt....

My Dream For You

Seriously though, I do wish you all a dream-come-true Christmas. I just don't listen to all the people who have lost the spirit of Christmas, who complain that it is overcommercialised and that it has lost its meaning. Christmas is the time for buying and giving. You look at the light in a child's eyes as he sees once again the magic of the shop lights and the decorations in the streets and in your home.

It may look just tinsel and baubles to you. But not to the child. And not to me.

Just think, if you happen to hear "White Christmas" this year. I'll be meaning a white Christmas for you...snow white, purity and peace. Peace in your home and joy in your heart.

That's my dream for you.

There are three marks of a superior man:
being virtuous, he is free from anxiety being
wise, he is free from perplexity; being brave,
he is free from fear.

-Confucius

WHILE IN EUROPE THIS SUMMER

Bing Crosby likes to live simply at home. But he lives it up on a grand scale when he goes traveling with the family. He has rented famous Chateau Louis XIII in France and by the time Kathy, four-year-old "Terri", two-year-old Mary Frances and the governess arrive, Bing will be making practice shots over the sunken garden.

Oh, yes-that English butler the Crosbys imported last year is also packing up to join them and run the household. On the agenda is a trip to Monaco where Bing and Kathy will be the palace guests of Princess Grace and Prince Rainier.

(New York Journal American)

August 11, 1962

Bing Crosby's golfing activities at Biarritz have been getting all the publicity, but in a more devout frame of mind, he and his wife made a pilgrimage to Lourdes the other day.

(New York Journal American)

August 28, 1962

The Italians are certainly getting a close-up of Bing Crosby as a family man.

For the past two weeks, Bing and Kathy with their two oldest sprouts, Harry and Mary Frances, have been touring the out of way spots in Italy in a station wagon.

Some of the hotels where they've stopped are so small there's not much service, so it's nothing to see Bing lugging in his own luggage with Harry draped over his back and Mary Frances clinging to his free hand.

(New York Journal American)

September 11, 1962

Bing Crosby sends his family home from Europe tomorrow, while he goes to Rome to talk to the "cold" countries on the Vatican radio. Brother Larry, who made the arrangements, says the people believe the Vatican station more than our propaganda broadcasts.

(Daily News)

September 14, 1962

BING BECOMES HIS OWN 'ADVOCATE'

Not just to say a casual "Hello" to a fellow Californian did Bing Crosby drop by Jack Warner's chateau on the French Riviera.

Bing has his heart set on playing monsignor Blaise Meredith in "The Devil's Advocate", which Jack owns for the movies.

Bing must have done a good job of selling himself because word has come back to scriptor Richard Breen to write the Morris West novel with Crosby in view.

While he was talking to Warner, Bing even made a few casting suggestions other than himself-that of Frederic March to play the part of Dr. Aldo Meyer.

With this bit of business out of the way, Bing heads home to ready his two ABC TV specials before Christmas.

(New York Journal American)

September 18, 1962

Bing Crosby may play "The Devil's Advocate" for Warners, but if he does, he would like to get Sophia Loren for the Italian wife.

(New York Post)

September 27, 1962

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom; he that thinks himself the happiest man is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.

-C.C. Colton

When Bing Crosby was in town he was taken down with New York's most fashionable problem. He couldn't get tickets for "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying." He called the office of Feuer and Martin, owners of the gold mine, to ask to buy a pair of house seats. They weren't in, but somebody in the office was impressed enough to give Mr. Crosby the home phone number of Phyllis Dukor, who is Feuer and Martin's Girl Friday.

Mr. Crosby made the call and got Miss Dukor's mother. To put it as basically as possible, Mrs. Dukor didn't believe it was Mr. Crosby. And she so stated.

Mr. Crosby was amused. Or he wanted those tickets very badly, which is far more likely. He talked for a while and Miss Dukor's mother said, "Very funny. But tell me your right name." Then Mr. Crosby crooned, a capella. Three bars of "White Christmas" and a soupcon of "Blue of the Night."

Mrs. Dukor had some ironing to do, so she thanked Mr. Crosby for the first free concert Mr. Crosby ever gave and got rid of him.

When the daughter got home later her mother reported, "Some fellow called. He wouldn't give his name. Said he was Bing Crosby. And you know what.....he did a very good imitation too." (New York Mirror)

July 31, 1962

BING'S DITTY 'PIRATED' LAW

The other day this same space carried a tale about Bing Crosby singing three choruses of "White Christmas" and a soupcon of "Melancholy Baby" over the telephone in a vain attempt to convince a lady he was Bing Crosby. I pointed out that this was the first time Mr. Crosby ever gave a free concert.

As is my inevitable custom, I was wrong. Some years ago Floyd "Babe" Herman THE Flerd "Babe" Hoiman of Brooklyn Dodger fame, was scouting for the Pittsburgh Pirates, "Babe" found a young pitcher and employed all of his considerable charm in trying to get the boy's mother to sign a Pirate contract for her minor son.

The mother was far more interested in the kind of people her son was going to work for than she was in the amount of money they were going to pay him. And the world could use a few more mothers like that.

Mr. Herman rattled off the names of the Pirate infield and the mother was not impressed. Had she known anything about baseball she would have been even less impressed. So, Mr. Herman spoke of the owners and said, "Bing Crosby is our vice-president."

The mother said, "He seems to be a nice man. I'll think it over."

Mr. Herman got to a phone, called Pittsburgh, and said, "Get Crosby to talk to this lady." Crosby called and the lady had certain reservations. And she said, "This is very nice of you, Mr. Crosby, but frankly you don't sound like the Mr. Crosby I hear on the radio."

This was not surprising. Bill Morrow does not write Mr. Crosby's telephone dialogue. So, Bing sing a few choruses and the lady was convinced.

The young man signed. His name is Vernon Law and Mr. Crosby is still ready to sing a long playing album over the phone to any other mother whose son can pitch like Mr. Law. In fact, Mr. Crosby's few choruses to Mrs. Law won the 1960 pennant for the Pirates.

Incidentally, Mr. Crosby still calls Mrs. Law once a year to chat. And ask if there are any more like Vernon around the house. (New York Mirror)

Bill Slocum

August 3, 1962

Please do acknowledge your journal, make out renewals to me not to the Club Crosby. I have some back copies of Bingang available - June 1959 - October, 1959 - February, 1960 - August, 1961 - December, 1961 - April, 1962 - August, 1962 each 35¢, plus 8¢ postage for each one. The May, 1961 25th. anniversary -11- issue 50¢ plus 10¢ postage.

Since there hasn't been much news about the Crosbys lately, I thought I'd tell you about Bing's ardent and loyal fans in England.

My good friend, Jack Manners wrote that the manager of English Decca sent him a telegram to phone him. When he contacted the manager, he wanted quite a bit of information on Bing---the number of records he had made, etc. He told Jack that he wanted this for publicity purposes regarding the fifteen album issue that they are apparently working on. The manager also asked if, at any time, he wanted information regarding Bing that it would be okay to contact Jack. "Well, it's nice to know at least that even Decca needs our help at times!" said Jack. And then he added, "And of course, as you know, it's a pleasure for us!"

In another letter from Jack (who, by the way, is co-president with Frank Murphy of the British Crosby Society), he mentioned that one of their members, Fred Reynolds, (who lives in Birmingham, which is situated in about the middle of England) has been giving lectures on Bing to various groups of people and clubs. What he does is this;---he takes his tape recorder with various Bing recordings on the tape, along with another of their members from the same town. First he makes a little speech about Bing and while this is going on, his pal is setting up the recorder in "readiness for samples of the magic voice!" From what Fred and his pal tell Jack, they have been having fun; but, at the same time, are having some interested audiences! Writes Jack, "Well, Pris, that's one way of putting over Bing!"

THIS MAN CROSBY

By Bob Hope

I have known Harry Lillis since I was a small child and he was an aging Thespian---sort of an elderly matinee idol who only worked at night. He has always been full of surprises. I take that back Bing isn't that old. He just seems that old. And we haven't known each other that long. But one thing is true. Bing is full of surprises. Why, take my latest television special as an example. Everyone was so surprised when it was announced that Bing would be a guest on the show. To tell the truth, no one was more surprised than I. I was rehearsing the show in Hollywood and Bing's nurse wheeled him into the studio one afternoon. I thought the poor, dear soul had just come to watch the younger set in action. But he took me aside, and, though he didn't say so specifically, I knew he needed some extra spending money, what with his new family and new grandchildren...So I gave old Harry a job! Here is how it all began...I was a youngster living in Cleveland, Ohio.

It was only a few years after we arrived from England. I was a new recruit in the Boy Scouts. One day I helped an elderly woman across the street and it turned out to be Bing. There I go again...sorry. This is not the way it happened. It was in the summer of 1932. I was in vaudeville---not a star, but I was earning enough for my 4 o'clock tea break. I had worked my way through the provinces and finally landed in New York City. Bing also arrived about the same time---from a band tour that ended its run playing at a dance hall off Broadway. Coincidentally, both of us were signed to perform on the same bill at the Capitol Theatre on Broadway and 51st. Street. I was the comedian on the bill and Bing was the crooner. Groaner, I think, would be a better word. We quickly became backstage friends. We sort of complimented each other's personalities. Many years later in Hollywood, producer Don Hartman at Paramount, said the reason our Road movies were so successful was the very fact that we did complement each other's personalities. Bing and I played the movie houses all that summer and we even shared a cold-water flat, five flights up some rickety stairs for a month. At the end of the summer I auditioned and won a small role in

a Broadway show that was going into rehearsal. Bing headed back to Hollywood and a job singing with a band. We corresponded and saw each other occasionally, but our careers didn't cross again until 1937. Bing was already a movie star. And I started on Broadway the previous year in "Red, Hot and Blue" with Jimmy Durante and Ethel Merman. A scout for Paramount liked me in the show and I signed a movie contract. When I finally got to Paramount, it was like old times again with Bing. A studio executive, seeing how much fun we had together, got the idea for us to get together for a movie, and that's how we eventually did our first Road movie---"Road to Singapore" in 1940. Though Bing and I enjoyed working on our television appearance this year just as much as we enjoyed our 1940 assignment, I am getting tired of helping the old boy into his girdle!
(TV Times - London, England)

S.F. Examiner, Earl Wilson, September 26, 1962---Paris-to-New York, We wanted to jet away from it all---and now, 30,000 miles later, we're glad to be jetting back. A pretty woman across the aisle on this Pan-Am jet speaks to a little boy: "They have a lot of celery and olives on board. I'll bet they heard Harry Crosby likes celery and olives." Harry Crosby! Little Bing, aged 4, and his mother, Kathy Grant are going down to Texas. Harry shouldn't be in the cockpit," his grandma says. "They'll throw him out," says Kathy. They do. He sails a toy plane, that almost falls into the B.W.'s soup. We're all happy!

Bing Crosby sings in his shower. The reason we know this is that San Francisco's Sid Golberg is occupying the cottage next to Bing's at Coco Palms in Kauai, Hawaii, and keeps his ear to the wall every morning.

That's about all for this time from the West Coast. Even though there's been a lack of news this time, I hope you have enjoyed the material I've gathered. Next journal, you will be joining us at our annual trip to the BING CROSBY GOLF TOURNAMENT. See you then.

In Hollywood it's easy to get to the top...and it's also simple to fall back into oblivion. Talent takes you up there...but time is what determines a true 'great.' Bing Crosby is one of these stars whose fame hasn't dimmed though the years, even decades, have come and gone since his face first lit the Hollywood screens.

20 years from now there may be a third generation of Crosby voices highlighting the entertainment world-with at least a soprano to offset all those baritones. Dad Bing is now proud dad of sixth son, Nathaniel Patrick, born last November. His new young family also numbers his first daughter, Mary Frances and Harry Jr., now four. Bing made his first dent in show business in "Big Broadcast of 1932", went on to become top "crooner" of late 30's and 40's. Although his records aren't played quite as often today as the teen singers, he's one of the few who's become a classic in his own time. Now worth between 10 and 20 million dollars, Bing can afford to retire, but admits he likes the limelight too well for that. Now starring in latest "Road" saga, "Road to Hong Kong" with Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour, he may also do lead role as priest in, "Devil's Advocate".

(Movie Stars Annual)

Number 1, 1962

The more things a man is ashamed of, the more respectable he is.

Bernard Shaw

Dear Fellow "Club Grosby" Members;

Within the past year it has been my great, good fortune to meet, and get well-acquainted with, Mr. John Scott Trotter who, as we all know, was associated with Bing Crosby for so many years on the Kraft Music Hall, Philco and Chesterfield radio shows and on Decca records.

Mr. Trotter has graciously consented to let me interview him on tape, concerning the many facets of his fabulous career, with primary interest centering around his years with Bing. I will then make copies of this taped interview available, at a nominal charge, to all persons interested in securing a copy. For those who do not have tape recorders, I plan to mimeograph the interview in booklet form.

Now, this is where you Club members come into the picture. In order to have sufficient material to discuss with Mr. Trotter, I would like to have as many of you as possible submit a list of questions and suggestions regarding specific information that each of you would wish to have discussed; questions about Bing, perhaps the members of Trotter's orchestra, any questions of general interest to admirers of the one and only Bing Crosby. I'm sure that John Scott can relate many unusual and previously untold anecdotes regarding his years with Bing. So won't you please each send in a list, the larger the better, of questions you would like to submit to Mr. Trotter for discussion, even though you perhaps do not intend to order a copy of the tape. I need lots of material to discuss so as to come up with perhaps a two-hour interview.

Send your lists of questions, etc. to:

Edward A. Rice
647 Lanny Avenue,
La Puente, California

LITTLE MISS PIN-UP



Mary Frances Crosby

Miss Kathleen Spillman
8332 W. Capitol Drive
Milwaukee 22, Wisconsin

Kathy, aged 19 (birthday: November 20th), is a new member of Bing's club. "He is a wonderful person and I am happy I joined his club," Kathleen writes in her very nice letter. Kathy lists her hobbies as dancing, cooking, swimming, reading, sewing, bowling, golfing, and writing letters. She works at Gimbels-Schusters, one of Milwaukee's leading department stores.

Miss Della-Jane Zelanko
48, Brookdale Avenue
St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada

Della-Jane, age 14, is a student in Grade 9. After school hours, her favorite hobbies are playing the accordion, home making and paper clipping (she has scrapbooks on Bing Crosby, Queen Elizabeth, Domestic Dogs, California and Home Economics). After she finishes school, Della-Jane hopes to go back to England and also to make visits to Ireland and California.

Mrs. Dorothy Hardiman
404 W. Seventh Street
Jacksonville 6, Florida

Dorothy is a former president of the British Crosby Society, is now living in the United States. Although residing at the present time in Florida, they are contemplating a move to California after the first of the year. Dorothy is a longtime friend of the American Club Crosby and has been awarded permanent Honorary Membership in the British Crosby Society as well. She would like to become acquainted with some of the American members.

I hope a lot of you will drop our new friends, Kathy and Della-Jane, and our longtime member, Dot, a line at their above addresses. And, if any others would like penfriends, do send me a letter about yourselves to - Miss. Pat Sullivan, 3134 North 53rd. Street - Milwaukee 16, Wisconsin.

Joe Frisco's faculty for betting on losers bordered on genius. But one day at Santa Anita he got lucky with a \$100 bill Bing Crosby handed him quietly. Leaving the race track, his pockets swelling with \$100 bills, Frisco treated himself to a testimonial dinner at a sumptuous Hollywood night club. Champagne flowed-well, it flowed like champagne. Enter: Bing Crosby, stage right. Passing Frisco's table, Crosby play-acted, made believe he didn't know the champagne buyer. Frisco summoned the headwaiter, staked him lavishly, and said: "Tell Mister Crosby I want to see him. It's very important." Crosby, still putting on an air of aloofness, appeared at Frisco's table, saying:
"Did you wish to see me sir?"
"Yes, Sit down and have a drink."
"Sorry, sir. I do not imbibe alcoholic beverages."
Frisco reached into his pocket, pulled out two \$100 bills, handed them to Crosby, and said:
"Sing 'Melancholy Baby' for me."
(Daily Mirror)

August 7, 1962

The Student Could Beat a Drum, So He Hit the Road

Pounding away at the drums, Harry felt like he was in another world. He was a law student, but now playing with the Juicy Seven, he could forget all about his books and the long hard years of studying that stretched before him.

Later that night, long after the college dance was over, Harry tossed and turned in his bed-but sleep would not come. His mind was a battleground.

He knew the right thing for him to do was to stay in college and go on to become a lawyer, yet music fascinated him and he wanted to devote his life to it.

The next morning, dozey from lack of sleep, Harry knocked on the door of his law professor's office. A gentle voice from inside asked him to enter and he stood before the prof's desk waiting for the old man to finish marking a paper he was reading.

"Well now, Harry," the prof said, looking up from his work, "what brings you to my office so early?"

"I couldn't sleep last night because I was trying to make a big decision now and I want you to be the first to hear it."

The prof smiled and nodded his head.

"Professor," Harry said, "I'm quitting college."

The prof was stunned. "Quitting?" he asked. "What in the world for?"

"I've made up my mind to make a career for myself in music," Harry said with a broad grin.

"Music?" the professor roared. "You mean that awful jazz that you play with the college band?"

"Yep," Harry said. "I've thought it all out and that's what I'm going to do for a living."

"For a living?" the prof said. "What kind of living can you hope to make playing that junk?"

"A good living," Harry said. "Even now, while I'm still in school, I'm making more money just playing a couple of nights a week than most full-time lawyers earn."

Frowning, the prof looked into the young man's eyes. "What kind of training in music do you have? Can you read music?"

"I don't have any training," Harry said. "And I can't read a note."

"It takes years of study to be a good musician," the prof said.

"How can you hope to make a go of it if you can't even read music?"

"I figured I can teach myself," Harry said. "I bought a set of drums from a mail order house and I taught myself to play them. I have a feeling for music. A love for it. That's all I need."

"I think you are being very foolish, Harry," the prof said in a firm voice. "It takes more than a love of music to make a musician."

"If you give up your law career now, I know that in years to come you will regret it very much. Believe me, Harry there is no future for you in music."

The prof's word hurt Harry, but they didn't change his mind. He left school at the end of that term, bought an \$8 jalopy and headed out into the world to make his fortune.

But drummer Harry never made it. He had to turn to another talent to earn a living.

Harry tried singing and, as Bing Crosby, the boy who never studied music, became the most famous popular singer of his time.

(National Enquirer)

November 4, 1962

Holiday In Europe

Decca - DL 4281

In an indie master deal with Project Records, Bing Crosby comes under the Decca banner once again. The package peg is a global song roundup which has Crosby working his way through such entries as "Under Paris Skies," "Morgen," "Never On Sunday" and "Domenica". It's flavorsome and pleasing.

(Variety)

October 17, 1962

Side One

1. April in Portugal
2. C'est Si Bon
3. Never On Sunday
4. More and More Amor
5. Moment in Madrid
6. Morgen

Side Two

1. Two Shadows On the Sand
2. Under Paris Skies
3. Domenica
4. Pigalle
5. My Heart Still Hears the Music
6. Melancholie

Bing Crosby On the Happy Side

Warner Bros. WL482

This is one of Bing's best albums in some time. He sings a collection of old favorites in straight style, aided by good ork arrangements. Good songs, well sung, and plenty of them, should help this set sell.

(Billboard)

November 3, 1962

Side One

- Gimme A Little Kiss
When the Red, Red Robin
Comes Bob, Bob, Bobbin Along
The Loveliest Night of the Year
Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree
Pony Boy
The Man on the Flying Trapeze
A-Tisket A-Tasket
Billy Boy
Forever and Ever

Side Two

- Singin' in the Rain
The Darktown' Strutters Ball
My Little Grass Shack in
Kealahakua, Hawaii
Around Her Neck She Wore A Yellow
Ribbon
Me and My Shadow
Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue
Marching Along Together
Should I
Blue Moon
Cecelia

I Wish You A Merry Christmas

Warner Bros. WL484

Crosby is a perennial holiday seller, and this LP should prove an important Christmas item for all dealers. The Crosby touch is everywhere evident and the material is drawn from the great Christmas catalog. Chorus and ork assist Der Bingle on such Christmas standards as "Winter Wonderland", "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" and "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas".

(Billboard)

November 3, 1962

(I do not have the actual list of songs on this album yet.)

God sent his Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

Longfellow

Hi!

It's been awhile since I've been heard from but the explanation is easy, I just didn't have anything to write a column about, or very little. I'd love to hear from you so won't you please write to me and send me some news or information about yourselves so I can have a column each time Bingang is issued.

There is a bit of news to write about this time, so here goes:

Lorraine Sandison became Mrs. Wayne Schroeder in September and is now living in Louisiana. Ann Pavick and her husband celebrated their wedding anniversary in October and daughter Gail had a birthday. Margaret O'Hara wrote that her aunt and uncle traveled over from Australia for the America's Cup Race in Newport. Priscilla Koernig and Pat Sullivan are coming East on their vacations in December and both Rena and I are looking forward to seeing them at that time, especially Rena, who is taking her winter vacation at the same time. Pearl Elliott had a busy Summer at her lodge and is already looking forward to her annual spring vacation, when she plans another trip.

That's all the news I have about you, but perhaps you'd like to hear about my vacation this year. Some of you expressed an interest in hearing about it. I went on a 13 day escorted tour of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, Canada. We spent most of our time in Nova Scotia. Another friend of mine went with me. It was my first escorted tour and I'm certainly sold on them. There's no other way to travel, as far as I'm concerned, especially if you're not fond of driving long distances, which I'm not. Our tour included all meals (and what meals), all tips, hotel accommodations, baggage handling and sightseeing. In other words everything is taken care of for you and all you have to do is enjoy yourself, which is exactly what we did.

We left New York in an air-conditioned motor coach at 8:30 Saturday morning August 4. Our ride that first day took us through Connecticut and part of Massachusetts and was very nice. We spent Saturday night at the Parker House Hotel in Boston. After a delicious roast beef dinner my friend and I went to see the movie, "Hatari".

Sunday we had another nice ride, continuing on through Massachusetts and into Maine, where we stayed at Bar Harbor. Monday morning we took the ferry across to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. It was a six hour boat ride and would have been nicer if it hadn't been so foggy. We arrived in Nova Scotia about two that afternoon and spent the next seven days touring that Canadian province.

Our first stop was Digby, where we had accommodations at a beautiful resort called Digby Pines. The next day we went on a tour to Fort Ann and Annapolis Royal, which was very interesting. The French under the leadership of Champlain had their first settlement at Fort Ann. At Annapolis Royal we visited a museum and had a guided lecture. We went back to Digby Pines for lunch and we had a free afternoon, so we took full advantage of it and relaxed at the hotel. Some of our group took a dip in the pool, but it wasn't that warm for Doris and I and we didn't feel like going in. Those who did, didn't take long getting out. The grounds at the hotel were beautiful and we were facing the water, so we just relaxed, read and enjoyed the scenery. That evening they had a free movie at the hotel, "Mister Roberts", and although we had both seen it before we enjoyed it again.

The next morning, Wednesday, it was raining when we left Digby Pines, and the rain continued most of the morning. We had an interesting ride but it would have been much nicer if the sun had been out. After a luncheon stop at a very nice place we continued on and in the middle of the afternoon we visited Peggy's Cove, which is a fishing village

practically built on rocks. There is a lighthouse way up on the rocks which we climbed to and had a view of the ocean, although it was a bit foggy. Our guide told us that this lighthouse and its environs is one of the scenes that is associated with Nova Scotia, and the lighthouse is a favorite of artists. Late in the afternoon we arrived in the city of Halifax where we stayed at the Nova Scotia Hotel. The next day we were taken on a Gray Line tour of Halifax. Our afternoon was free and Doris and I went shopping.

Friday morning we left Halifax and our trip that day was the most scenic of our trip, or at least it was up to that point. We arrived at Cape Breton Island after lunch and later in the afternoon we were driving through Cape Breton National Park and up Cape Smokey. We went up a winding, steep mountain road. One minute the ocean was on one side and the next it was on the other. Our destination was the town of Ingonish and a resort called Keltic Lodge. It is a beautiful place, set right on the ocean high on a rocky cliff.

Friday evening when we left the main Lodge after our dinner it was raining. We went back to our cottages, lit our fireplace and sat talking for awhile. The big lodge has rooms for guests, but we didn't stay there. I understand that the tours stay in the cottages. The cottages were very nice and had about 10 rooms in each. Our tour group took up about two and a half cottages. Each cottage had a big comfortable room at each end and there was a fireplace in one of the lounge rooms.

Saturday morning it rained again, but cleared by noon. In the morning the bus driver drove us into town to the one general store. When it started to clear we did some walking and took pictures down on the beach and at various scenic spots. After lunch Doris and I took a hike around Middle Head, and it was quite a hike. The weather cleared up and it was beautiful out and after dinner we did some more walking. Later we played Bingo, all of us, in the recreation room and later went back to our cottage for a marshmallow roast.

Sunday morning we continued our way along the Cabot Trail and once again the scenery was beautiful and we climbed up more mountains. That night we stayed at the town of Truro. Monday morning we left for New Brunswick and during that nice ride through scenic and interesting countryside. We stopped at Amherst where there were lovely gardens and a piper. Later we stopped at St. John, New Brunswick where we saw the reversing falls, or I should say where the reversing falls reverse when the tide is high. As luck would have it it wasn't at the time we were there.

Monday evening we stayed at St. Andrews-by-the-Sea at the Algonquin Hotel. This is a beautiful hotel and I think it was my favorite place. The town of St. Andrews is very lovely and quaint. Monday evening we walked into town and looked around. Some shops were opened. Tuesday morning we went into town again and did some shopping and took in more of the shops. Tuesday after lunch we were on our way again. During the afternoon we arrived back in the United States. We spent that night in Bangor, Maine. On our way to Bangor we had to get out of the bus and climb up a hill which the bus couldn't make with all the weight in it. This was a lot fun, but most of us were puffing when we got to the top. We left Bangor Wednesday morning after saying goodbye to some of our group who were joining another tour to go to the Gaspe Peninsula. Stayed at the Sheraton-Plaza in Boston Wednesday evening and Thursday we headed for home and arrived in New York about 4:30.

I've only been able to hit some of the highspots in this write-up. The whole trip was most enjoyable. All the places we stayed at were nice and we had delicious food. Even the places we stopped at for

RAMBLINGS.....Cont'd.

lunches were exceptionally nice.

All in all it was a wonderful vacation and we're already looking forward to next year's.

Well, that about winds up my column for this time. Once again I hope some of you will write to me. If you'd like to hear about some of the other trips I've taken let me know. See you next issue, I hope.



Mary
Frances

Bing

Harry
Jr.

CHRISTMAS SEASON

Ben Burroughs

Around me there's enchantment...a warm and friendly light...that fills my heart with tenderness...making my outlook bright...people seem to wear a smile...everywhere I go...for they too are captured...by the magic glow...presents deck each window...what a lovely scene...and on every corner...is beauteous evergreen...it's great expectation time...for the children who...can hardly wait until the day...old Saint Nick is due...no other time compares to this...holy time of the year...when the eyes of mankind...seldom shed a tear...Christ was born in Bethlehem...is the one true reason...for the heavenly wonder...of this Christmas season.

(New York Journal American)

December 15, 1962

It's a girl for the Eddie Gilberts in Houston, Texas. Bing and Kathy Crosby sent the newborn babe of brother Bob's Cathy a book "to record the big things in her life." Growled the proud Bobcat: "Reserve a page for when Lisa Malia trims her great-uncle Bing at golf!"

Daughter was born to the Gilberts on July 14, 1962.

(TV & Radio Mirror)

October, 1962

BING EXTOLS VIRTUES OF HIS THREE NEWEST OFFSPRING

(Hollywood columnist Vernon Scott is on vacation. Today's guest writer is Bing Crosby, with observations on raising a second family.)

By Bing Crosby

Hollywood (UPI)-My chances of failing to keep up with the times have diminished with the arrival of each wriggling and supercharged addition to my clan.

Unless I watch myself closely, chances are that I'll become one of those crashing bores who seizes every opportunity to extol his offsprings' latest adventures.

You see, I've got my ABC television activities spaced and other projects timed so I can spend months on end with Kathryn and our three young'ns, Harry, 3; Mary 2, and baby Nathaniel Patrick.

Although my work was much more extensive-and took me away from home for long stretches-when my other group was in the growing-up stage, those four males managed to tough it out and, I'm proud to say, are making something of their lives.

Just recently I returned with Kathy and the youngsters from our newest diggings in Mexico, sneaked in a TV taping session with old Toboggan Nose, made a platter or two and caught up with my radio work before we all took off for Hawaii.

Tex (Harry) and his sister already swim like water-dogs and the way he is developing now, little Nat will have the Australian crawl pretty well mastered before the summer is over.

I'll have to admit I've mellowed in the past few years.

Those who knew me as a strict disciplinarian would be surprised to see Pops at play with his kids-showing them how to bait a hook, keep a taut fishing line and generally appreciate fishing and hunting. They're getting so they know the varieties of fish and birds that abound around Casa Crosby in Mexico, and they were beside themselves with glee at the sight of the colorful species of tropical fish around Honolulu.

Who's boss on these adventures? Well, the Old Groaner issues a directive once in awhile-just to keep his mythical rank as head of the house.

But I'll have to admit that Mrs. C is the top kick in this unit. She is an organizer, that girl, and I've yet to see her let any situation get out of hand.

Kathryn gave out a statement to a national magazine recently to the effect that my "tastes are simple." Well, they'd better be. Anything complicated around our menage soon would be reduced to its simplest form, because that's the way Kathryn is constituted.

In fact, she's got things so well organized at home I begin to see signs of an interest in "Lights, Camera, Action!"

I'd be the last person to discourage her resuming her theatrical career because I know she'd handle the combination job of home-maker and career girl with grace and skill.

I'm intrigued with the idea of her picking up her career and, at the same time, amused. Amused because I can see Dad at home minding the children while Mama is toiling before the cameras.

(Monterey Peninsula Herald)

Submitted by: Pat Quyle - P.O. Box 3116 - Carmel, California

I Heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat

Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

-21- Longfellow, "Christmas Bells"

"I have faced the fact that I can't drink," said Gary Crosby, sipping water during luncheon and smiling at his pretty wife, blonde Barbara Stuart. He looked so much slimmer I barely recognized him.

"All Irishmen," Gary continued, "will tell you they can handle the stuff. I was finally convinced that I couldn't. The tough part was admitting that liquor was not for me. Thank God I had a wonderful wife who helped me.

"I've always been too heavy for my height. I'd been on a diet for five years and it ruined my health. Six months ago, at this time I gave up alcohol. It started to fall off; there's no question that's what got the weight off. I lost 31 pounds, from 210 to 179.

"I'd always been something of an athlete and when I stopped training I got that athlete's spread." He is now so slender and looks so much like his father that, by mistake, I called him Bing." Then, when I apologized: "That's fine with me," said Gary.

"That's true there are so many Crosbys now," smiled Gary, "that we are running out of names-the Kennedys are pikers compared to us. About those fights with my father-every family has the same problem. But I was like the angry young man, the rebel without a cause. It is difficult to have a famous father, but you must never develop the attitude of 'I can't do as well.'

"My wife had to put up with a lot for a year. But she was very patient with me until I came to my senses on a lot of things."

Gary recently starred in "Two Tickets to Paris", which was made in New York. Barbara was with him, of course. From the way he holds her hand, she could never get away. "I have to travel with my act, but I'm hoping to make more movies so that I can stay home and get to know my son"-Gary's adopted 7-year-old boy from Barbara's previous marriage.

He has the same build as I, short and stocky. I want him to be good at sports, but I'm learning to let him take his time. I'm impatient for him to play baseball, but I'm leaving all this to Barbara. I'm for trying to give him the benefit of what I learned from my own childhood-never make them do anything against the grain. And it's good to work for your spending money-when we were kids on the ranch in Nevada, Dad paid us 33 cents an hour for three months in the Summer, along with room and board.

We don't want to leave Los Angeles if we can help it. But I have a good act, and that sometimes takes us away. I've been revamping the act. Thank God the nightclub is dying, so there's no call to go on the road.

"My five-year contract with 20th Century-Fox, after I came out of the Army is over, but we parted friends. We have talked of going to Rome to make a picture there."

Gary is looking for a TV series to film in Hollywood.

Barbara was a dancer in Las Vegas when they married almost two years ago. "She's a hard worker, she doesn't lounge around the house all day doing nothing," says Gary. "She works hard and we have a beautifully kept home. And I'm working hard to keep her in love with me. Those people who say of their wives 'Oh, she'll always be around' end up in court."

Mrs. Gary Crosby dropped her career as soon as she signed that name. And she has done a good job. I've never seen Gary so relaxed and healthy looking.

(New York Mirror)

August 5, 1962

The two-part "Ben Casey" with Kim Stanley also with Gary Crosby starring also; and why should Bing not hire Gary for "Ben Casey" just because he owns it.

(New York Journal American)

November 1, 1962

THE CROSBY

A Good time is had by all

Celebrities throng to merry 'Glambake,' help inject holiday atmosphere into popular PGA winter circuit way station.

Many years ago, the late Grantland Rice called Bing Crosby's Links adventure "the greatest golf tournament being played in the world today." Currently, it's called the National Pro-Amateur Championship, which host Crosby prefers. The Crosby Glambake, Bing's Bash, Bing's Do, or simply, The Crosby. But by any name, it's still the greatest.

It has the necessary cast of celebrities and top golfers and the proper stage in three gorgeous Monterey courses to merit that lofty billing.

Despite these credentials, the tournament is invariably played in such brutal weather every third week in January that participants are playing footsies with pneumonia. Yet, each year the list of candidates for the pulmonary ward grows longer.

For this year's 21st. tournament for example, Maurie Luxford whom Bing designated as "Director of Play," received 7,214 requests from amateurs who want to play. "From this huge list," says Luxford, "Bing must work until he trims it down to only 159."

Bing's brother Larry, the general manager of the tournament says, "It's a helluva job for Bing to make this cut-down every year. That's the toughest thing in the entire tournament.

"Bing eventually will whittle the original list to about 200 aspirants," says Larry. "He'll put these names on big cards and scatter them around the floor of his den. Then he'll walk around them, inspecting and analyzing each. After he makes his selections Bing will write the rejectees, explain his problem and hope the man gets in next year. Bing tries to rotate about 30 or 40 players every other year. That's the best he can do.

Bing says of his stellar cast.

"You'll notice that only the better amateurs are among leaders here. In many pro-ams the fellow with the fat handicap pops to the front. But you've got to have a golf game to go with your handicap for four rounds on these exacting courses.

Crosby has the final say on who plays and with whom he is paired. However, Bing respects pros' wishes to play with certain favorites. Mike Souchak, for instance, selects Bob Hope when he's available.

"I know I can't play well with Bob," admits Souch, "because every time I look at him clowning I can't help laughing."

To prove his point Mike fired a fat 84 last time he played with Hope.

"But," adds Mike, "I have such a great time with Bob I'll take him for my pards any time."

Because of the severity of weather and the formidable challenges of the Pebble Beach, Cypress Point and Monterey Peninsula courses. Bing adds at least two strokes to an amateur's home course handicap. Even scratch players Charlie Coe and Harvie Ward, both two-time U.S. Amateur champs receive the 2-shot bonus. Bing adjusts for others often raising the allowance. Maximum handicap is generally 12, though there are a few exceptions.

Luxford recently received a thank you note from former President Eisenhower "for being considered for participation in the National Pro-Amateur Championship." Ike declined the invitation because as he put it:

"No. 1. My game is too erratic. No. 2. My handicap is too high. No. 3. I couldn't play without a cart. No. 4. I couldn't even help Arnold Palmer."

Answered Luxford: "No. 1. All golfers' games are erratic. No. 2. Bing will make a liberal adjustment on your handicap. No. 3. Bob

Hope rides a cart, and we could get you one, too. No. 4. Arnold Palmer doesn't need any help from his partner.

The talent in The Crosby is enormous. Regulars are Hope, Phil Harris, Johnny Weissmuller, Burt Lancaster, brother Bob Crosby, Ray Bolger, George Gobel, James Garner, Richard Arlen, Buddy Rogers, Dennis Morgan, Bob Steele, Dennis O'Keefe, Hoagy Carmichael, Guy Madison, Fred MacMurray, Randolph Scott, Desi Arnaz, Gordon MacRae, Forest Tucker, Ray Milland, Tennessee Ernie Ford, Dean Martin, Howard Hill and Curt Massey.

From the sports world there are baseballers Ralph Kiner, Allie Reynolds, Jerry Priddy (now a pro Golfer), Lefty O'Doul, Bob Lemon, Bill Rigney, Vern Stephens, Carl Hubbell, Al Dark and Leo Durocher; footballers Bud Wilkinson, Otto Graham, Bob Reynolds, Bones Hamilton, Ernie Nevers, Frankie Albert, Duffy Daugherty, Pete Elliott, Jon Arnett and John Brodie; boxing champ Jimmy McLarnin and racer Peter De Paolo.

Merge these with business leaders Leonard K. Firestone, Frank Pace, William Clay Ford, Edgar Eisenhower, Tom Lanphier, Jr., Elmer Ward, Bob Roos, Jr., Bob Goldwater, Gen. Omar Bradley, George Kolowich, Jr., Adolph (Bump) Schmidt, Dan Ridder and George Coleman, Jr. and you have the ingredients of a first-cabin tournament.

Certainly not the least attraction of The Crosby are the three lovely courses which weave through cypress and pine forests and spill over the sandy expanses of the Monterey Peninsula, 325 miles north of Los Angeles and 100 miles south of San Francisco.

Because of the great disparity in the ruggedness of the three courses though each carries a par 72-the 72-hole National Pro-Amateur Championship is likened to a 440-yard race, with its staggered start. One can't really tell who's ahead until the contestants get ready to roar down the last lap Sunday at Pebble Beach.

Fifty-three teams (pro and amateur partner) alternate courses for the first three days. For the pay-off round, the field is sliced from 159 teams to the low 60 scorers and ties. Pros in contention in the individual race, but out of the best-ball competition, play with other pros in the same situation. There's \$35,000 at stake for pros in solo and \$15,000 in best ball.

Easiest of the three courses is the short (6,246 yards) and sheltered Monterey Peninsula. Next is the challenging and exquisite Cypress Point where the seemingly newly scrubbed and gleaming white sand contrasts spectacularly with the lush, verdant grass.

Cypress also has the renowned 16th hole, a majestic one-shotter that requires a 222-yard carry over a recess of the Pacific, indeed a rap-turous assignment that has ruptured many fine rounds. The sight is as fabulous as it is forbidding. The startling blue water rushes shoreward in a gray and angry mood, its combers foaming and lashing at the great rocks only 75 feet below the narrow fairway.

The late Porky Oliver held the record on this hole when he required 16 shots to negotiate it. After he had finished the round, former PGA president Harold Sargent, unaware of Oliver's troubles, told him, "Porky, there's a long distance call for you. Just ask for operator 16." For some time Oliver thought it was a gag, which it wasn't.

A part time touring from Ohio, Hans Merrill, currently holds the distinction of futility on the 16th. In 1959, Hans, who was all thumbs that day, took 19 swipes, without once putting his ball in the water. This hole, incidentally, holds no terror for host Crosby. He has made an ace on it. (Mr. Merrill is a part-time touring pro).

The scenic beauty at Cyprus is overwhelming. Deer casually lope across the fairways. On several huge rocks, some 100 yards from the

17th tee, seals blend their far-reaching grunts with the groans of golfers, who watch the wind carry their shots into the ocean. Farther out, whales mosey over, spout their approval of the goings on, then shove off in pursuit of other whales, or in the case of the nearsighted ones, small submarines.

As one distraught but reverent golfer observed, "They shouldn't play Cypress; they should just photograph it.

By far the sternest golf test is offered by Pebble Beach, which serpentine most of its 6,701 yards along Carmel Bay. It's a rare day in January when the wind doesn't blow something fierce. On such occasions, as San Francisco columnist Prescott Sullivan observed, fat caddies are in great demand. But if the supply runs out, two caddies should be hired, one to tote the bag and the other to serve as an anchor, particularly for slim pros. It is often said the players with the biggest feet and heaviest shoes have the best chance of winning and/or survival.

Still, regardless of weather-and there are many beautiful days-there is fun. The carnival crowd, more intent on snapping a camera shot of a celebrity, than watching a shot by him, isn't basically a golfing group.

Last year Arnold Palmer watched in amazement as a shutter bug carefully set his tripod and camera near a green to catch Palmer's putting stroke in action.

"I let the guy go ahead and take his shot, figuring this would get him off my back," said Palmer. "But two holes later, here was this same character setting up photo shop again. I said to myself, 'Oh no, this joker must be kidding.' But when I saw he was going through with his bit again, I told him he'd better move his camera and tripod if he wanted them in one piece."

One sees all types of bizarre costumes and get-ups in the crowd, many of which were designed by members of the art colony in nearby Carmel. In less fashionable conditions, the gals become a shapless lump of rain gear, and a mop of wet hair as they trod the gelatinized fairways.

As Bing laughingly observed, "One thing about the weather here, there's lots of it." Stories are abundant.

Once when Bing saw his offspring, Lindsay, shivering in the cold rain, Bing comforted him with, "Don't mind the weather, son. Being on the course keeps you out of pool halls."

Bing's close friend, Phil Harris-who alternately describes himself as the test pilot for Schenley's or the traveling representative (maybe it should be flying representative) from Jack Daniels Country Club or a member of AAR (Alcoholic Anonymous Rejects)- is a favorite timely topic of local folklore.

After the comedian finished a round in strictly double-Scotch weather, Bing inquired solicitously, "Pretty nasty out there, eh Phil?"

"Oh, you know it, Dad, I've got to get me a couple of shots of flit after this," said Harris.

Another blustery day Harris asked playing partner Doug Ford, a man of fast steps but few words, how to play a certain putt. Advised Ford: "Just keep it low, Phil."

Once when Bob Hope was needling Bing about the rain, Crosby raised his wet palms upward and innocently asked, "What rain? It's not raining out here; it only looks that way from that nice warm clubhouse. You don't see any ducks out here do you?"

"Yeah and you know why," retorted Hope, "they all drowned. Hey, Bing, you what this Pebble course is?? It's Alcatraz with sand traps and no roof."

Bing howled and looked over to see former swimming great Johnny

Weissmuller sloshing around. "Hey John, this is your kind of weather, huh?" said Crosby.

"Naw, Bing, the water is too shallow," answered Weissmuller. Later Johnny admitted, "I've never been so wet in my life."

And so it goes. The weather serves as a substitute for Joe Miller's ancient joke book. Bing kids about it long before the tournament starts. Asked how things were shaping up for his event, Bing answered, "Just peachy, I sent out brother Larry to crank up and tune up the wind and rain-making machines for us."

"You've got to hand it to Larry," continued the chuckling Crosby, "he sure keeps trying. I remember one year he hired a human rain repellent. This Chinese fellow sold Larry the idea he could keep rain away with his magic sticks, symbols and incense. And he carried his own bulletin board with newspaper clippings to prove his previous successes. The guy was great during the practice rounds. The weather was absolutely perfect. But when the flag went up, it poured. I don't know who got soaked the worst, the poor Chinese fellow or his magic stuff."

"We sort of got used to the idea of living with the rain," adds brother Larry. "After all it's been with us from the beginning, ever since Bing scratched out the idea to hold a tournament for his pals back in 1937."

"Bing had a big house down in Rancho Sante Fe (near San Diego) in those days and also had a piece of the Del Mar race track. We needed some dough to keep the track going, so Bing thought we could get a little publicity if he invited some of his friends to come down and play some golf."

"That's right," recalled Bing. "We also did it to help the Chamber of Commerce promote the idea that you could play golf all year in California. What happened? Well, frankly it rained like hell," he said, still pained at the recollection.

"Bridges were washed out and we had little oceans around the greens and tees. But the guys, I invited 50 that year, all showed up and were waiting for the rain to let up. I remember Dick Arlen had to ford a junior-sized river and then hail a cab on the other side to get to the club."

"Well, we were sitting around the clubhouse swapping lies when a flock of mallards splashed into the lake on the first tee. So the day wouldn't be a complete bust, we rounded up some shotguns, and the guys went duck hunting."

"A minor miracle occurred the next day because the weather cleared and we were able to get in one round. Pretty fair country player won it. Lad named Sam Snead."

"We held it five times down in Rancho Sante Fe and then had to hold off during World War II. In 1947 we got together with Sam Morse of the Del Monte Properties Company and we've held our tournament here ever since."

Amateurs at The Crosby love to win the handsome handwrought silver pitchers, bowls and plates as well as they want their pro to win the \$2,000 top cash in the pro-am, by helping them. But they also love to ball it up. Sometimes a pro gets indignant at this frivolity.

When one pro grumbled after Hawaiian millionaire Francis H.I. Brown missed a short putt, Brown turned on the pro and said, "Young man, what's the first prize here?" Brown peeled off a couple of bills to match first money, then told the pro, "Here, take this, Now let's have some fun."

Perhaps the most popular victory was achieved by Phil Harris and drawlin' Dutch Harrison in 1951. The beret bedecked Harris sank a

Monstrous 60-foot putt on the par-3 17th at Pebble for a natural birdie 2 and a net 1. It proved to be too much for Phil.

"You take over the last hole, Dutch," counseled Harris as he reeled happily down the long 18th fairway.

That night at the huge Clambake, a steak-chomping stag affair which Bing emceed, Crosby said:

"I'll never know how Phil ever won it with that big banana ball slice of his."

The bubbling Harris agreed. "How about that Bing," he said, "ain't this a helluva blow to clean living?"

Crosby doesn't play in his tournament any more. He moves unobtrusively about, checking the scoreboards, chatting with friends and ribbing cronies. His favorite spot is the 16th tee at Cypress where he watches the bold and the foolhardy take their chances. Nobody pays much attention to Bing, who prefers it that way. Once a zealous marshall even tried to sell Bing a ticket.

Bing last played in 1956 when his partner was Ben Hogan. The rain-maker was especially nasty that Sunday and really poured it on. Neither Hogan nor Bing, who normally plays a solid 4-handicap game, was threatening Pebble course record, so as they approached Bing's sprawling home along the 13th fairway, the considerate Crosby turned to Hogan and said, "You want to pack it up, Ben, and walk in from here?"

Characteristically, Hogan replied "Let's play it out, Bing, if that's OK with you."

"Let's play," replied Bing. And they did, after a fashion. Hogan undoubtedly had one of his worst rounds a 9-over-par 81.

That vignette perhaps best illustrates the driving force behind The Crosby.

"The guts of the tournament," confides brother Larry, "is the spirit and warmth exchanged by Bing and his friends. That and the big boost this tournament has given to various charities. Without these two things I don't believe Bing would ever hold another tournament."

Bing is genuinely delighted with the tremendous contribution his event makes to youth centers and various needy institutions.

"We had a great year in 1961," said the beaming Bing. "We had a gate of around 60,000 and a last day crowd of 40,000. We netted about \$95,000 for charity. This raised the kitty to a million bucks since we started this in 1947."

Originally, proceeds were channeled for building youth clubs in the Pebble Beach area.

"We've taken pretty good care of that," modestly concedes Bing. "We're spreading out now. In conjunction with former President Eisenhower's Youth Fitness Program, we're distributing handbooks and instructor guides on about 20 sports to places like Ecuador, Morocco, Panama, Paraguay, Colombia, Pakistan, Korea, Venezuela, Turkey, Ghana, India, Philippines, Japan and British Columbia."

Crosby is equally proud of his volunteer work force, headed by former Monterey mayor Dan Searle and Ted Durein managing editor of the Monterey Peninsula Herald.

"You know, since the start of this tournament, we've never paid anyone a dime of salary. It's all for sweet charity," says Bing. When brother Larry twitted Bing about working 21 years sans pay, Bing who then was intimately associated (he reportedly owned most of the outfit) with Minute Maid orange juice company, quipped, "Keep that up and you will be squeezing oranges on Monday."

Bing had occasion to needle another Minute Maid associate.

"I was feeling pretty good as I was announcing the scores on the 18th hole," reminisced Bing. "We had Calcuttas in those days and I had

a tiny piece of the team leading the tournament. Then amateur Bill Hoelle, who was with Minute Maid, banged a 4-iron shot off the rocks near the beach. The ball just barely cleared the sea wall, rolled on to the green and smack into the cup for a natural eagle 3 and a net 2. That beat my team.

"There were about 20,000 people around the green as Bill came up to retrieve his ball. I announced, "The man who just hit that wonderful shot, ladies and gentlemen, was Bill Hoelle, formerly of Minute Maid. From now on he'll be selling French fried almonds in Atascadero."

In 1958 Bing took on the added job of emceeing the television coverage, which he does in his usual flawless manner. Because of brutal weather and other complications, coverage has been something less than an artistic success. In 1958, the winner, Bill Casper, Jr., of Apple Valley, was having a few cool ones in the clubhouse before the television tubes even got warmed up.

Next year the producer closed shop while the eventual winner, Art Wall, Jr., was lying five in a sand trap and his closest pursuer, Gene Littler, had just finished casting his second shot into the Pacific. Strangely, few viewers seem to care about such technical trivia.

"I think the folks want to see the celebrities as much as the golf," explains Bing. "Even though we may have some Irish mist coming down at us nearly horizontally, you've got to remember most of the people back East are up to their hips in snow."

"This year we're doubling our exposure," reveals Larry. "Gillette and Minnesota Mining Co. are sponsoring the tournament Saturday and Sunday. On Saturday we'll give the viewers almost 90 minutes of celebrities in action. Then on Sunday we'll show them who's winning the tournament."

Bing was asked about a rumor that he would move his tournament South, to a more salubrious climate.

"Ridiculous," snorted Bing, "You might as well ask Lawrence Olivier to play Richard III in a bowling alley or ask Fred Astaire to dance in a peat bog. No sir. Diss is da pleeayce (cq) and I hope it will always be."

(Golf Digest)

February, 1962

Crosby Golf Changes Name

Sacramento, Cal., Sept. 18 (AP) - Bing Crosby's annual golf tournament got a new name Monday.

It's now the Bing Crosby Youth Fund.

The tournament, which has been held each year at Pebble Beach, was first incorporated in 1937 as the Bing Crosby National Pro-Amateur Golf Championship Fund, a non-profit organization.

Charles O'Gara, Monterey attorney, filed papers changing the name in order, he said, to clarify that the main purpose of the event is charitable.

(New York Post)

September 18, 1962

Oh, what a blamed uncertain
thing
This pesky weather is;
It blew and snow and then it
threw,
And now, by jing, it's friz.

Philander Johnson



Bob

Bing

Bob Hope Show - October 24, 1962

A second skit on the show, a takeoff on "Bonanza" was the best. In this one Crosby was the head of vast Texan empire and father of three sons, all of whom were played by Hope.

Crosby was featured in the finale, doing an oaky solo vocal on "I Can't Begin To Tell You" and then dueting on "Put 'er There, Pal," from their film, "Road to Utopia."
(Variety)

October 31, 1962

Those Nervous Singers

Cynthia Lowry

An extra ordinary event occurred Oct. 24 on television. A singer named Bing Crosby stood quietly in front of a camera, his arms in a relaxed position, at his sides, and sang a song the way it was written.

He did not sing while smoking a cigaret, belching smoke along with the moon-June rhymes. He did not act like a weight lifter hoisting the barbells while reaching for a moderately high note. He didn't even add new words or notes of his own. He did not jerk his mouth as if suffering from a nervous tic.

Crosby's rendition was markedly lacking mannerisms which someone has called the Frank Sinatra syndrome.

The Sinatra syndrome seems to have afflicted most young male singers - Paul Anka, Bobby Darin, Johnny Mathis to mention a few - since they recovered from the Elvis Presley syndrome.

Singing styles apparently, are as changeable and obvious as women's clothes. The other Sunday on Ed Sullivan's show, Kate Smith gave a distracting demonstration of an old fashioned technique of "acting" the words with arm gestures. It reached some sort of peak when she illus-

Television Doings.....Cont'd.

trated a phrase in "Tenderly" with a gesture usually used to indicate falling snow.

On Garry Moore's show the other night, Steve Lawrence felt it necessary to go through the smoking routine - made even more diverting when he casually tossed his lighted cigaret out of camera range. I stopped listening long enough to hope that somebody stomped it out before the studio caught fire.

Anka, like Sinatra, twists the right side of his mouth in a way that suggests either that his collar is too tight or he's dislocated his jaw.

Individual mannerisms of singers sometimes are attractive, often distinctive-Dinah Shore's characteristic use of her arms, Ethel Merman's swinging walk and Edie Adam's quiet, pensive approach, for example.

(Milwaukee Journal)

November 4, 1962

(Submitted by Pat Sullivan)

Mary Martin - Bing Special to Clairol

Clairol has purchased the full Mary-Martin-Bing-Crosby special on ABC-TV that will preempt "Ben Casey" on Christmas Eve in the 10 p.m. hour. It's the hair preparation firm's first network buy this season.

This show is on a reciprocal basis in return for which Bing will guest on a Mary Martin special. The latter will be on N.B.C.
(Variety) November 7, 1962

Bing's ABC-TV reprise was a restfully professional hour; the first half hour especially, sheer charm...Bing's so obviously relaxed, tranquilizers must take him when they're jittery.

(New York Journal American)

August 13, 1962

Mary Martin is going to the West Coast to do the tremendous Christmas television spectacular with Bing Crosby. That's a lot of talent and charm wrapped into the package.

(New York Journal American)

November 9, 1962

Mary and Bing Together at Last

Mary Martin phoned from New York to say that after 21 years she's finally caught up with Bing Crosby. She was all set to do "Holiday Inn" with Bing and Fred Astaire, instead which her daughter Heller was born and the role went to Marjorie Reynolds. Mary arrives in Palm Springs the day after Thanksgiving to begin rehearsals with Crosby for their hour special.

(Daily News)

Hedda Hopper

November 9, 1962

WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS

Ben Burroughs

Christmas is the holy day when...Christ was born in Bethlehem...and from this joyful moment...many wondrous meanings stem...peace on earth, good will unending...is the essence of this day...new faith, new hope and charity...compose its sweet bouquet...young hearts glow at this time of year...with great anticipation...while older hearts find songs to sing...so great their inspiration...gay decorations dot life's road...and windows beam with lights...God lifts all mankind from their depths...up to the greatest heights...warm smiles replace the sullen frowns...to frame the beauteous scenes...a priceless treasure all can share...this is what Christmas means.

(New York Journal American)

December 24, 1961